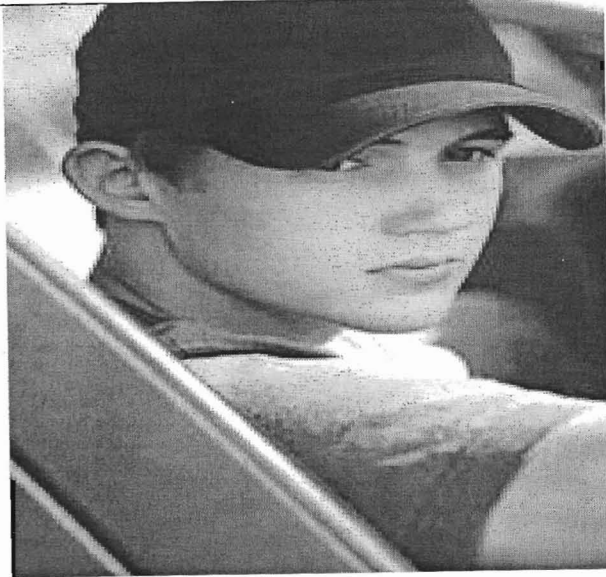


Mr. Stengel

Language and Literature

12 February 2008

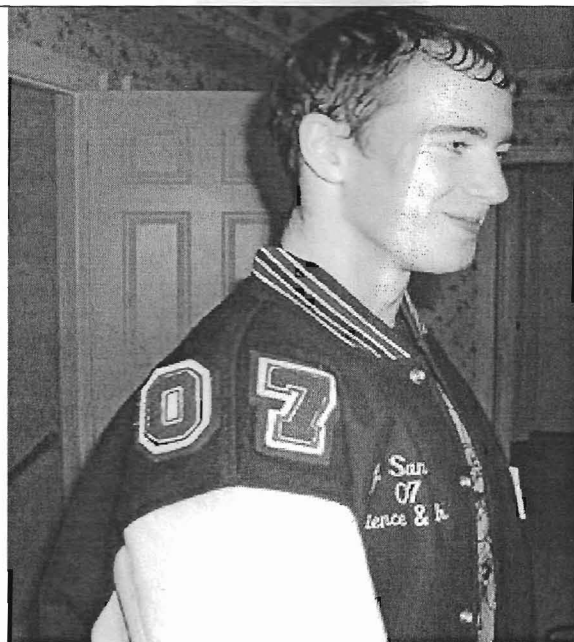
### The Tale of Who I Am



<http://images.jupiterimages.com/common/detail/86/31/23503186.jpg>

#### Prologue of Who I Am

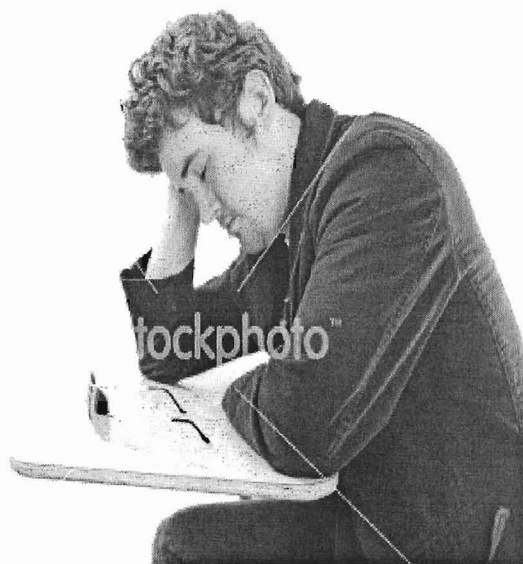
There was once a boy named Chris.  
He woke up early day.  
He stood in the shower, in the mist,  
For nothing bad would happen he'd pray  
"I can't believe that girl, Annie!  
Dancing on top of the table.  
Like a stripper, showing her fanny,  
I couldn't believe it, like a fable."  
He sat there and ate his breakfast,  
Thinking ahead about his plans,  
He became extremely restless,  
Then went to the van.  
He thought clear and deep.  
He had pre-made his decisions,  
Anymore and he would weep,  
Just thinking about his dissensions.  
Well he finished up and was ready to leave,  
He sat in the car and put on his seatbelt.  
Sat there quiet enough to hear him breathe.  
He could barely hide the way he felt.



<http://leadership.tjhsst.edu/ptsa/images/tj-letter-jacket-sideview.jpg>

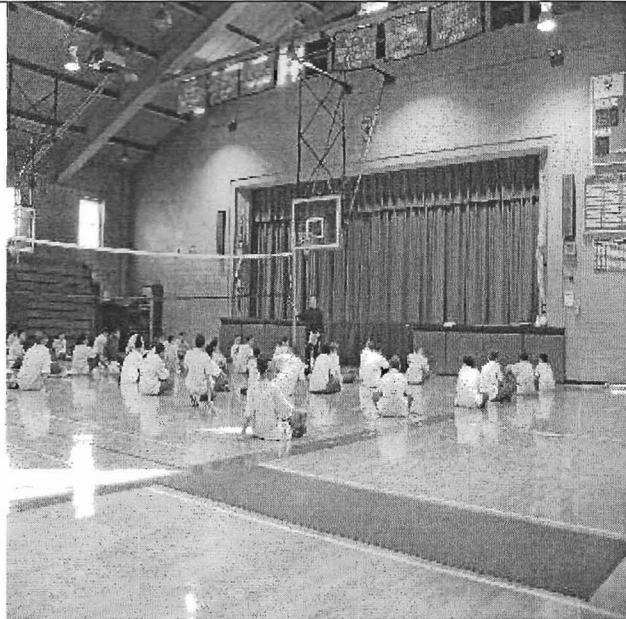
### The Tale of Who I Am Tale

He arrived at school a little early,  
Greeted by everyone he saw.  
Popular he was surely,  
Wearing his jacket with the big paw.  
He met up with his pals,  
Acted like nothing was wrong.  
All of them committing school fouls.  
This feeling he had was so strong.  
A nerd came defenseless and weak,  
Overpowered by the bovine men,  
Looking at him squeamish and meek,  
It was one against ten.  
They gave him a good smash,  
Even broke his glasses,  
Chris felt subservient like a piece of trash,  
Watched him after as he moved like molasses.



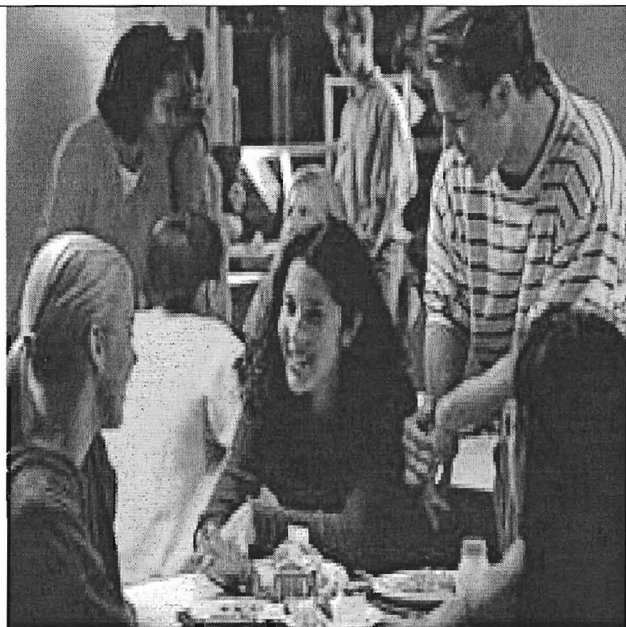
<http://img.timeinc.net/time/daily/2006/0604/Dropout0417.jpg>

There was nothing he could do,  
He went off to class.  
Looked down at his shoe,  
He felt like an ass.  
He had everything,  
He was someone to admire.  
Asked himself "Why do I do such things"  
Feeling this great big inner fire.  
He didn't want to seem like a loser.  
Didn't want to lose his friends.  
He wanted to look like a cruiser,  
Then they'll be there till the end.  
What else could he do but sit quietly,  
Put himself in the nerd's shoes,  
And argue to himself silently.  
Putting together all these clues.



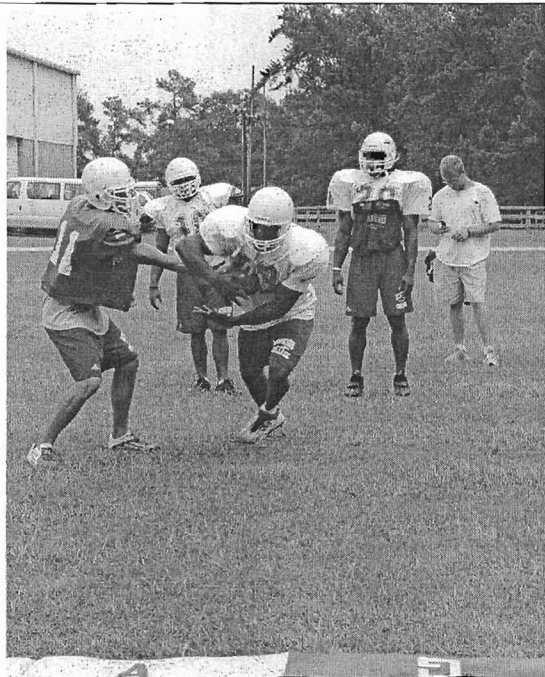
<http://www.mindspring.com/~mcguidance/MVT17.jpg>

As he looked at the clock,  
Gym class was next.  
The perfect class for a jock,  
No need for any text.  
They were playing flag football,  
The "losers" stood there not making a sound,  
He ran around them with the ball,  
His friends pushed them to the ground.  
Poor kid hit his head.  
Eyes rolled back,  
Looked like he was dead,  
"What did you do Jack?"  
He just gave me a smile,  
Thought he seemed pretty tough,  
Stood there for a while,  
All this for playing rough.



<http://images.jupiterimages.com/common/detail/93/53/22845393.jpg>

It was time for lunch,  
Time to fill his belly,  
He sat with the usual bunch,  
Said hi to his friend Shelley.  
Saw another poor kid walk by,  
Josh ignobly knocked the kids food tray  
Right into his eye  
Scared and frightened he had nothing to say.  
God forbid he did  
Everyone would get up,  
Beat the poor kid,  
That would teach him to shut up.  
He made eye contact,  
He stared at him with those eyes,  
He didn't know how to react,  
It bugged him like a swarm of flies.



[http://newberryindians.athleticsite.com/images/z\\_05fbpre\\_rbhaynes.jpg](http://newberryindians.athleticsite.com/images/z_05fbpre_rbhaynes.jpg)

School was over thank god,  
 Something was still bothering him,  
 He met up with Todd,  
 He soon forgot when along came Jim.  
 Practice was as normal as can be,  
 Everybody working hard,  
 Messing with coach Z.  
 The huge old lard.  
 "What are you doing tonight?  
 Nothing, got any plans?  
 There might be a fight,  
 Then party at Jan's."  
 He actually didn't want to go,  
 But he had no choice.  
 He wanted to go with the flow,  
 Be part of the boys.



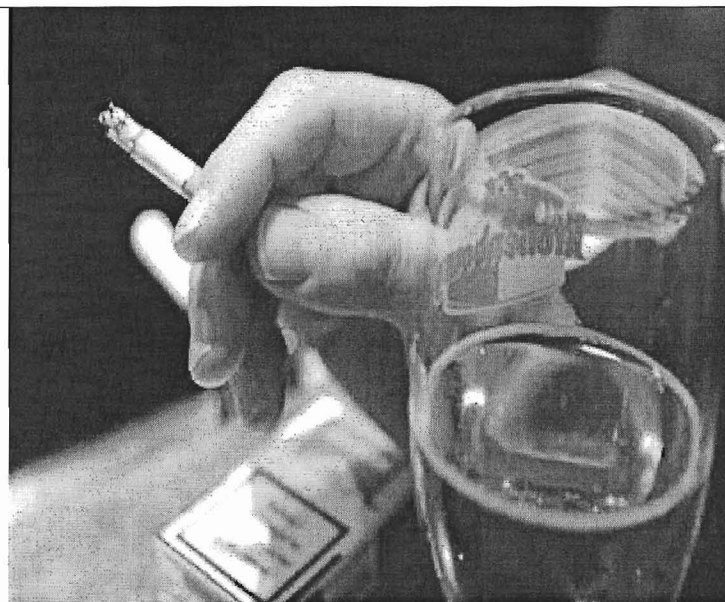
[http://news.bbc.co.uk/media/images/41395000/jpg/\\_41395686\\_fighting\\_416.jpg](http://news.bbc.co.uk/media/images/41395000/jpg/_41395686_fighting_416.jpg)

It was about five when he met the group,  
 "Some kids have been talking crap"  
 He felt like poop,  
 All he could say was "oh snap,  
 Let go kick their ass,  
 Show them who's best,  
 Make them eat grass,  
 That'll show the rest."  
 It was like dogs vs. cats  
 It was like a gang war.  
 It never stopped,  
 They kept asking for more.  
 They fought till they dropped  
 They met in some dirty hood,  
 Perfect place for a fight,  
 Beat them pretty good,  
 "Well that's over right?"  
 They all left and went home,  
 Got cleaned up,  
 Sprayed themselves with cologne,  
 Ready to party it up.



[http://www1.istockphoto.com/file\\_thumbview\\_approve/198604/2/istockphoto\\_198604\\_no\\_smoking\\_nor\\_drinking.jpg](http://www1.istockphoto.com/file_thumbview_approve/198604/2/istockphoto_198604_no_smoking_nor_drinking.jpg)

It was time for the party,  
The same old get together,  
Had to be fashionably tardy,  
It would make things better.  
He felt uncomfortable as usual,  
With all the booze and drugs,  
Tried to act casual,  
While avoiding the beer mugs.  
He had always said to himself  
"Don't fall to peer pressure."  
Always taking care of his health.  
"It will lead to bad treasure."  
He tried something new,  
Figured drugs and booze can't be that bad,  
He figured, "why not have a few?"  
The shots and hits made him glad.



[http://msnbcmedia.msn.com/j/msnbc/Components/Photos/070323/070323\\_drinksmoke\\_hmed\\_6p.hmedium.jpg](http://msnbcmedia.msn.com/j/msnbc/Components/Photos/070323/070323_drinksmoke_hmed_6p.hmedium.jpg)

Everyone was doing it,  
He liked the way he felt,  
another blunt was lit,  
He started to melt.  
Something was wrong and he knew it.  
He didn't know what to do.  
Intemperate, he realized he blew it.  
He looked down at his shoe.  
His eyes closed and wouldn't open,  
They figured he was tired,  
Maybe just joking.  
John came over to wake him up,  
He wouldn't budge.  
Grabbed some water in a cup,  
May had misjudge





<http://images.jupiterimages.com/common/detail/97/86/23338697.jpg>

Poured it in his face,  
He did nothing.  
John's heart had a fast pace.  
"He's just bluffing.  
Come on get up man,  
Time to leave.  
That was the plan."  
Not knowing that he couldn't breathe  
He got scared,  
Asked for help,  
As he frighteningly stared,  
He began to yelp.  
Assuming the worst,  
They called 911,  
Everyone began to burst,  
There was no fun.



[http://www.squad10-9.org/\\_borders/ambulance.jpg](http://www.squad10-9.org/_borders/ambulance.jpg)

The ambulance came,  
Took him away,  
Not knowing who to blame.  
It was a terrible day.  
Everyone was worried,  
Word spread through the school.  
"Is he gonna get buried?  
Now who's gonna rule?"  
Everyone was sad,  
"Is he alright?"  
They'd ask his brother Chad.  
"No he's losing the fight"  
His parents stopped by,  
Decided to pick up Chad.  
Chris had just died,  
They knew it had to be bad.



[http://z.about.com/d/paranormal/1/0/0/U/funeral\\_ghost.jpg](http://z.about.com/d/paranormal/1/0/0/U/funeral_ghost.jpg)

The day after his death,  
Everyone dressed in black,  
Mother short of breath,  
Speech had a drawback.  
She found a notebook,  
Chris had written a quote,  
This she took.  
His mom read what he wrote...  
"I never chose to be a jock,  
I didn't have it in me,  
People I had an odium and used to mock,  
Not people I wanted to be.  
And if there is one thing I learned,  
I shouldn't let a clique give me a slam,  
Respect is also earned.  
Damn my choices make me who I am!"

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